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No. 17.

It Was the Dutch.

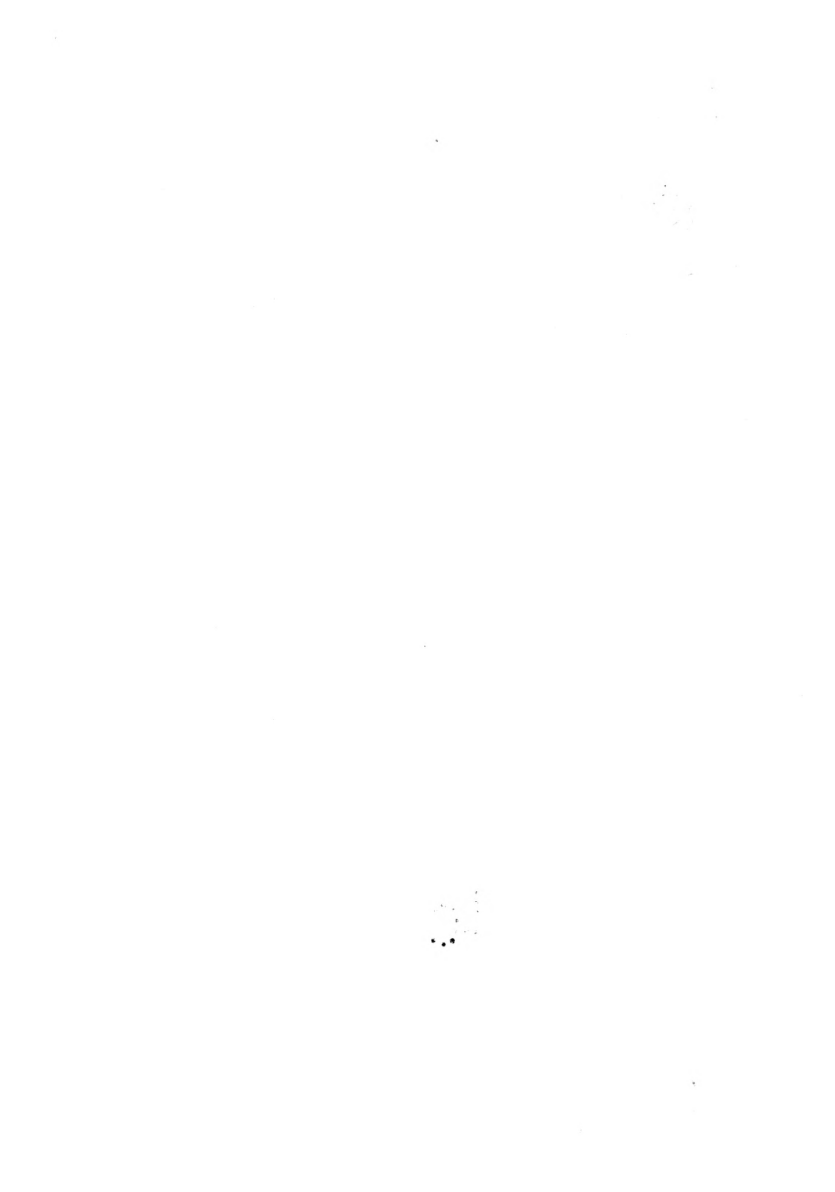
By William and Josephine Giles.



ADOLPH E. REIM,

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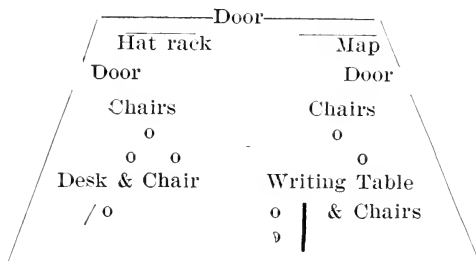
By William and Josephine Giles.

CHARACTERS.

JACK BOCHENHOE *Lead.*
AUGUSTINE BOCHENHOE, (*Dutchman*)..... *Hotel Proprietor.*
FLOSSIE RAYMOND *Lead.*
MRS. RAYMOND..... *Flossie's Mother.*
RASTUS *A Servant.*

DIAGRAM.

Interior Backing.



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IT WAS THE DUTCH.

SCENE.—*Hotel Office. Door C. R. and L. Desk at R. Table and chair L. Hat rack at R. of door C., and large map at L. of door C.*

(Enter RASTUS at R.).

Rastus—(With hot doughnut changes it from one hand to other and blows on it). Oh Lordy, dat am an hot one, wouldn't de cook be warm if she knowed I stold it? (Puts it in side pants pocket, and holds out side of pants to keep it from burning him. Paces stage C.). Oh, Oh, what am Ise gwine ter do, it am burning de pants off ob me?

Bochenhoe—(Off stage C., singing).

Rastus—Oh, dar am de land-lord coming. (Takes out doughnut and lays it on chair L., and runs off C.).

(Enter BOCHENHOE at C.).

Bochenhoe—(Passes RASTUS at door C.). Oh my! (Throws hands up). Vy, what vos dat, I saw something passes mineself just now, vy it vent so fast dat I could not look mineself back so soon to see vot it vos. (Comes up C.). Vell, vell, I've been so busy dat I haven't had time to congratulate mineself over buying dis fine summer resort, vout Yonny be glade when he comes home and see— (Sets on hot doughnut jumps up and holds seat of pants). Vot vot, dis dat—

(Enters MRS. RAYMOND and FLOSSIE at C. with RASTUS loaded down with grips, bundles and boxes. BOCHENHOE jumps and hustles around by desk holding seat of pants).

Mrs. Raymond—Am I addressing Mr. Augustine Bochenhoe, the proprietor of the palace hotel?

Bochenhoe—(*Bows*). Ah, mit de pleasure of all mineself, I vos over happy to say dat I vos de man you face now to mine face here in mine palace hotel.

Mrs. Raymond—I am Mrs. Raymond, we wish to stop at your place for a few weeks.

Bochenhoe—Ah, very vell Mrs. Raymond, I vould very much glad to have you.

Mrs. Raymond—Allow me to introduce to you my daughter Flossie

Bochenhoe—(*Comes from desk and makes big bow and catches RASTUS, who is standing behind with boxes, etc., and knocks him over boxes on top*). I vos very much happy to be overjoyed to meet you.

Rastus—(*Getting up with boxes, etc.*). Gee wizz that dutchman takes lots of room! (*Aside*).

Mrs. Raymond—We would like to be shown to our rooms at once, Mr. Bochenhoe, as we are very tired.

Bochenhoe—Very vell, I vill see you mineself to your rooms vight away. Rastus you comes behindt mit de baggage.

(*BOCHENHOE exit R. followed by MRS. RAYMOND and FLOSSIE. Rastus following up the rear with boxes, etc., falls over chair R. boxes rolling over stage, he gets up gathering up the things, and exit R.*).

(*Enter JACK at c. well dressed with suit case.*)

Jack—I wonder where father is, if I don't see him before Mrs. Raymond finds out I am here I am afraid he will give everything away, and even after I have explained the matter to him I don't know whether I can trust him or not, and I have got to post Rastus too. Flossie will be surprised to see me here, but I could not stay away from her. We have her Mother thinking that things are all over between her and I, and that I am about to marry another girl and that Flossie's ambition is to marry an English title, and we must be very careful and keep her thinking this until Flossie comes of age.

(*Enter BOCHENHOE at R.*).

Bochenhoe—(*Hastens to Jack takes his hand and pats him on the back*). Ah, Yonny Yonny. mine yon Yonny, I vos at last glad dat you comes home once more so soon.

Jack—Yes father, I am very glad to get home too, but father I

have a communication to make to you at once.

Bochenhoe—(*Looking JACK over*). Vy Yonny I don't see you carrying anything.

Jack—Oh, father you don't understand me, I want to confess to you that I have lost my heart.

Bochenhoe—(*Excited*). Vot, vot, vy Yonny. Yonny vot for you lose it, vy, vy you can't live mit out an heart, vy you should go to de hospital!

Jack—Father you don't understand me, let me explain to you what I mean is I have fallen in love with a young lady.

Bochenhoe—(*Laughing*). Ah, I have at last understand! (*Tickles JACK under the chin*). Ah, Yonny, Yonny—

Jack—Now father, don't kid, you know you have went through this yourself, but we will do our kiding later, for I haven't time to fool now.

Bochenhoe—Vot Yonny is it so soon.

Jack—Oh no father, what I mean is I want to post you on something, the lady in question is at present one of your guests, the daughter of Mrs. Raymond, Miss Flossie Raymond.

Bochenhoe—Vot, vot, not dat purty young girl dat comes in mit Mrs. Raymond?

Jack—The same, father, we met when we were both away to college, but her mother objects me as a son-in-law. She has in view an English nobleman for her daughter's husband and we have got her believing that it is all over between us, and we will remain true to each other until Flossie is of age, and then we intend to get married.

Bochenhoe—Vell, vell, dat vos quite an romance Yonny, vell I don't blame you, for vonce I loved a girl mineself already. (*Takes JACK by the hand*). Go, Yonny mine yon, and vin de girl you love, you have mine best wishes.

Jack—Thank you father, but whatever you do don't let Mrs. Raymond know the state of affairs that exists between Flossie and myself.

Bochenhoe—All vight Yonny I vill not forget to misunderstand mineself mit Mrs. Raymond.

Jack—All right father! (*Exit c.*).

Bochenhoe—Ah mine yon Yonny is a smart boy to vin de love of such an beautiful young girl, ah just a block of de old ship. (*Taps himself*).

(Enter FLOSSIE at R.).

Flossie—Oh, Mr. Bochenhoe, mamma sent me to ask you to have our trunks sent up to our room right away.

Bochenhoe—(Bows). All vite Miss Raymond, I goes to see mine-self dat day vight away goes to your room up. (Exit c.).

Flossie—(Goes to writing table). I will just write a little letter to Jack now while I have the chance. (Sets at table and writes).

(Enter JACK at c.).

Jack—(Approaching her). Why Flossie how fortunate that I have met you here alone.

Flossie—(Getting up in surprise). Oh Jack! (Going to him). How did you ever come to be here?

(He takes her in his arms, enter RASTUS at R., looks up and sees them, throws hands up and falls on hands and knees, and crawls off at R.).

Jack—Why, Flossie this is my home, and the proprietor is my father.

Flossie—How you surprise me Jack, why I never though it, but are you not afraid Jack, us living here in the same house, that mamma will find out our secret?

Jack—Not if we are very careful, Flossie.

RASTUS appears at R.).

Rastus—Say brake away, for Ise all done have to come in. (Trying to keep his back to them. JACK and FLOSSIE jump and brake away. RASTUS backing into c.). Ise beg pardon Miss your mother all done sent me down after you.

Flossie—Oh, tell her I am waiting for Mr. Bochenhoe, that he will be here directly.

Rastus—(Aside). It looks mighty like to me that she all done got Mr. Bochenhoe. (Aloud). Say Miss you all done mean the proprietor, don't you?

Flossie—Why certainly!

Rastus—All right Miss. (Starts R. Aside). I all done believe something is gwine to happen around heah. (Exit R.).

Jack—(*Goes to her*). Flossie it seems too good to be true that we shall be able to see each other every day, even if we do have to guard against the watchful eye of your mother.

Flossie—Oh, mamma thinks it is all over between us Jack, and to keep her thinking this we will snub each other every time we meet in her presence.

Jack—Yes Flossie you are right, but I can hardly realize it dear that I am fortunate enough to win the love of such a dear little girl as you. Do you really care so much for me Flossie that you will give up everything to become my wife?

Flossie—Yes Jack, to sacrifice all I have for you dear is nothing, I would even do more if it were possible.

Jack—Dearest you have made me the happiest man in all the world. (*Puts arms around her.*) We shall henceforth be as one.

Flossie—Oh, ain't that lovely Jack, all one, just as if I were you and you were I and—

Mrs. Raymond—(*Calls off of stage R.*) Flossie!

Flossie—Oh, run Jack mamma is coming!

Jack—(*Grabs hat from table*). Good day! (*Exit c.*).

(*FLOSSIE sits by table picks up paper as though reading*).

(*Enter MRS. RAYMOND R.*).

Mrs. Raymond—Why Flossie, what has been keeping you, I have waited so long for you to return?

Flossie—Oh, mamma I have been waiting for Mr. Bochenhoe.

Mrs. Raymond—You didn't need to wait, where is he?

Flossie—He went to get our trunks.

(*Enter BOCHENHOE and RASTUS with a trunk on their shoulder staggering around as though trunks were very heavy, panting and allout of wind*).

Bochenhoe—Ah, Mrs. Raymond I comes at last mit your trunks.

(*Staggering off at R.*).

Mrs. Raymond—Flossie come with me I want you to help me.

(*MRS. RAYMOND and FLOSSIE exit after BOCHENHOE*).

Rastus—(*Following, staggering from one side to the other, and staggers back and falls on chair L. trunk still on shoulder*). Gee

wizz, de Missus all done must have her shoes in this trunk. (*Starts again staggering all around and finely exits after them*).

(*Enter JACK at c.*).

Jack—Well I have discovered a plan, and if I can get Flossie to work with me I think we can get her mother's consent to our marriage.

(*Enter FLOSSIE at R.*).

Flossie—Hello Jack!

Jack—Why Flossie, come sit down I did not get to tell you all that I wanted to. (*Both sit by table*). I have it!

Flossie—(*Looking at him in surprise, then looks at audience*). Why, I believe he has. (*To JACK*). Why, how long have you had it, Jack?

Jack—(*Looking at her surprised*). Oh yes, I have a scheme on hand that I think is the candy, and I think will win your mother over to our way of looking at the situation in our case.

Flossie—(*Clasping her hands in joy*). Oh do tell me quick, Jack!

Jack—Well it's this, I believe your mother and father have been trying to make eyes at each other, I think they admire each other very much, now to gain your mother's consent to our marriage I am going to make up as my father and make desperate love to her, and if I win—all right, if not we can do what we first intended to, but I want you to have a little talk with her, blarney her up, and then tell her that my father wishes to see her in the office and have her to come by the time I get back made up as father, and I will make desperate love to her.

Flossie—But, Oh Jack, what if mamma should find it out!

Jack—I will take care she don't find it out. (*Rises*). Now for the great scene where we win or loose, I will go and get ready while you go and talk to your mamma. (*Starts to exit C.*).

Flossie—Well—Jack—why, why you must not forget it is just fun you're making love to mamma!

Jack—(*In surprise*). Why Flossie, what—what—— Oh, yes, aham I see. (*Takes her in his arms and kisses her*). Yes dear, I will remember. (*Exit c.*).

Flossie—Now for a round with mamma, I kind of believe mamma likes Jack's father, and I do wish they would get married and then it would be all right with Jack and I. (*Starts to exit R.*)

(*Enter MRS. RAYMOND at R.*).

Flossie—Oh mamma I was just coming to tell you that Mr. Bochenhoe wanted to see you, he just went out he will be back in a minute. (*Both coming up c.*).

Mrs. Raymond—Why Flossie did you say that Mr. Bochenhoe wanted to see me? (*Aside*). Why, I wonder what he wants?

Flossie—Yes mamma, and I think it is on very particular business too.

Mrs. Raymond—Why Flossie, what do you mean?

Flossie—Why mamma he was telling me that he had so much money he didn't know what to do with it, and he wanted your advice in some investment he wished to make.

Mrs. Raymond—My goodness is this true?

Flossie—Yes mamma, and if I were you I would make eyes at him, I think he admires you very much.

Mrs. Raymond—(*Blushing*). Now Flossie you're carrying things too far.

Flossie—Oh no I ain't mamma, for I can tell the way he acts and looks at you. (*Singing off c.*). But I hear someone coming, perhaps it is him.!

(*MRS. RAYMOND arranging hair, etc.*).

(*Enter JACK made up as his father, AUGUSTINE BOCHENHOE*).

Bochenhoe—(*Bows*). Ah, ha, mit de greates of pleasure I meet mineself here mit you my dear Mrs. Raymond, I am overjoyed to be so happy to see you here, and I am so much sorry dat I keep you waiting before I comes.

Mrs. Raymond—Oh that's all right, I just dropped into the office Mr. Bochenhoe.

Bochenhoe—Ah my dear Mrs. Raymond, call me Augustine, I am Augustine

Flossie—Well mamma, I think it's time for me to go.

Bochenhoe—Yes my dear Flossie, as I very much wish to speak

to your mother all by mineself.

(*Flossie exit R.*).

Bochenhoe—Come sit down my dear Mrs. Raymond. (*Both sit at writing table*). I have something I would like to talk to you mit mineself. Vy I would like to know if you could ever tink of me in any other vay dan a friend. Oh my dear Mrs. Raymond, I am very lonely dat I would like somebody to all mineself. Excuse mineself for being in so much hurry, but I am in so much lonely all to mineself dat I must speak to yourself now.

Mrs. Raymond—(*Shyly*). Why Mr.—or Augustine—

Bochenhoe—Ah, Augustine dat's vight, dat's vight!

Mrs. Raymond—Well, I don't understand you.

Bochenhoe—Vell vot I means is I love you, and vont you all to mineself, I have lots of money and I vont you to share it mit mineself.

Mrs. Raymond—(*Getting closer to him*). Why, I—I—don't hardly understand.

Bochenhoe—(*Takes her hand and gets down on his knees to her*) Vell vot I mean is dat you marry mineself, and I marry you, and both marry each other.

(*Enter RASTUS at c. coming up c. looks up and sees them, throws hand up and turns, falls on knees and crawls off stage c.*).

Mrs. Raymond—Why Augustine, this is so sudden, and what would become of my daughter Flossie?

Bochenhoe—Vy, vy, give her to mine yon Yonny, he comes home here to-day, and he told me dat he loves your daughter and she loves mine yon Yonny, and dat day vont is your consent.

Mrs. Raymond—(*Throws hands up*). Why Augustine, is this Jack Bochenhoe that wants to marry my daughter, your son?

Bochenhoe—(*Bowing*). Oexactly!

Mrs. Raymond—(*Aside*). The son of the millionaire Bochenhoe, why I never thought it. (*Aloud*). Then Augustine if you wish it I consent.

(*Both rise*).

Bochenhoe—Next to mineself, love for you, my dear Mrs. Raymond,

I wish to see your daughter and mine you happy, but will you give yourself to me mine heart?

Mrs. Raymond—(Falling in his arms). I will my dear Augustine. (They embrace).

(Enter FLOSSIE R.)

Flossie—Ahem— (Mrs. RAYMOND and BOCHENHOE jump and break away). Why mamma! (Looking angrily at JACK).

Mrs. Raymond—Now Flossie don't get angry, for I have at last decided to give my consent to your and Jack's marriage, and now allow me to introduce you to your future father.

Bochenhoe—Yes mine dear, your fadder (Goes and takes her in his arms and then turns to Mrs. RAYMOND). Now mine dear I will go and look mine Yonny up and send him to you for your blessing. (Takes her hand and kisses it) . (Aside). Gee whiz, what if father would come. (Exit c).

Flossie—(Throwing her arms around her mother). Oh mamma, you don't know how happy you have made me, and you know mamma that Jack has great opportunities, and his father is very wealthy, even if he is a dutchman.

Mrs. Raymond—(Angrily). Why Flossie, I never want to hear you speak that way about Mr. Bochenhoe again, for he is of German descent, and a very nice gentleman.

Flossie—Why mamma you always spoke that way about Jack, and you were always so much in favor of the titles.

Mrs. Raymond—Well I never knew who Jack was, as you know you met him at school, and I have got my fill of titles anyhow.

(Enter JACK as himself at c.).

Jack—(Taking off hat). Why Flossie, Mrs. Raymond!

Flossie—(Running to him). Oh Jack, mamma has at last given her consent to our marriage.

Jack—(Taking her in his arms). What, Flossie mine at last?

(Enter BOCHENHOE at c.).

Bochenhoe—Vy, vy, vot does dis mean?

Mrs. Raymond—(Running throwing arms around his neck). It means my dear Augustine, that we are all happy at last.

Bochenhoe—(Takes her in his arms). Vy, I don't understand, but it's all vight mit me.

(Enter RASTUS at R. looks up and sees them, throws up both hands, turns, falls on knees and crawls off at R. while drop of curtain).

—CURTAIN—

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